

HAMILTON'S
ITINERARIUM

BEING A

NARRATIVE OF A JOURNEY

FROM ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND
THROUGH DELAWARE, PENNSYLVANIA, NEW YORK,
NEW JERSEY, CONNECTICUT, RHODE ISLAND,
MASSACHUSETTS AND NEW HAMPSHIRE
FROM MAY TO SEPTEMBER, 1744

BY

DOCTOR ALEXANDER HAMILTON
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EDITED BY

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Morison (who, I understood, had been at the Land Office in Annapolis, inquiring about a title he had to some land in Maryland) was a very rough-spun, forward, clownish blade, much addicted to swearing, at the same time desirous to pass for a gentleman, notwithstanding which ambition, the conscientiousness of his natural boorishness obliged him frequently to frame ill-timed apologies for his misbehaviour, which he termed frankness and freeness. It was often,—“Damn me, gentlemen, excuse me; I am a plain, honest fellow; all is right down plain-dealing, by God.” He was much affronted with the landlady at Curtis’s, who, seeing him in a greasy jacket and breeches, and a dirty worsted cap, and withal a heavy, forward, clownish air and behaviour, I suppose took him for some ploughman or carman, and so presented him with some scraps of cold veal for breakfast, he having declared that he could not drink “your damned washy tea.” As soon as he saw his mess, he swore,—“Damn him, if it wa’n’t out of respect to the gentleman in company” (meaning me) “he would throw her cold scraps out at the window and break her table all to pieces, should it cost him 100 pounds for damages.” Then, taking off his worsted nightcap, he pulled a linen one out of his pocket, and clapping it upon his head,—“Now,” says he, “I ’m upon the borders of Pennsylvania and must look like a gentleman; t’ other was good enough for Maryland, and damn my blood, if ever I come into that rascally Province again if I don’t procure a leather jacket, that I may be in a trim to box the saucy Jacks there and not run the hazard of tearing my coat.” This showed, by the bye, that he paid more regard to his

coat than his person, a remarkable instance of modesty and self-denial. He then made a transition to politicks, and damned the late Sir R—— W——¹ for a rascal.

We asked him his reasons for cursing Sir R——, but he would give us no other but this,—that he was certainly informed by some very good gentlemen who understood the thing right well, that the said Sir R—— was a damned rogue, and at the conclusion of each rodomontade he told us that tho' he seemed to be but a plain, homely fellow, yet he would have us know that he was able to afford better than many that went finer; he had good linen in his bags, a pair of silver buckles, silver clasps, and gold sleeve buttons, two Holland shirts and some neat nightcaps, and that his little woman at home drank tea twice a day, and he himself lived very well and expected to live better so soon as that old rogue B——t died, and he could secure a title to his land.